

Closure by Rozzlynn

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Summary:

Sveta and Matthew revisit the scene of Volechek's death.

Closure

Author's Note:

First posted on tumblr.

Sveta stared down at the Apollo Sanctum, spreading her Soarwings wide to catch the thermals and maintain her altitude. Matthew maneuvered his way to her side, competent yet visibly uncomfortable in his own set of wings.

"Are you ready?" Matthew asked, offering her a smile.

"As ready as I will ever be." Sveta sighed and tried to steel herself.

With a twitch of his wings, Matthew led the way. Sveta swiftly caught up, keeping him within range of the Umbra Gear's protective effects.

They spiralled towards the statue that concealed the ancient weapon's controls, and landed lightly in its shadow.

"Will you lend me your strength?" She held out her hand.

He clasped her arm and joined his spirit with hers. She pulled his body close, keeping him from falling. The warmth of his determination enveloped her mind and strengthened her resolve. She stared up at the statue and cast Spirit Sense, feeling her companion's anticipation almost as keenly as her own.

They were alone. She sank to the ground, carrying Matthew with her. If her brother's spirit had still been bound to this world, she would have been able to sense him from here.

{{ He's at peace, }} Matthew told her, hugging her soul.

{{ Yes. He must be. }} She felt tears brimming in her eyes. She'd tried to grieve in the days following the Eclipse, but one crisis had followed another, leaving her little choice but to stay strong for the sake of her people. {{ I ought to be relieved. If he had lingered all this time, I fear I would have lacked the words to set his heart at ease. I wanted to see him again. I wanted to apologise, but how would that have dispelled his regrets? If he is already at peace, then he had no regrets. He truly believed that he could entrust Belinsk to me, that it was worth dying in my place... }}

{{ He trusted you, and he loved you. I'm not surprised. If I'd been able to reach the controls, I'd have died for you before he had the chance. }}

{{ You tried again and again... I'm sorry I had to ask - }}

{{ My strength is yours. Your purpose is mine. A hero does what must be done. }}

{{ Were we a hero, then? }}

{{ We did our best. }}

{{ If we are still of one mind, will you allow me to ask the same favour again? Will you lend me your strength until our lives reach an end? }}

{{ I'll stay by your side in whatever capacity you require. }}

{{ I was hoping you would interpret that as a proposal. }}

{{ I was hoping you meant it that way. If the people of Morgal feel that any of the blame lies with me, they might not accept me as anything more than a knight or - }}

{{ They will accept you as my king consort. }}

{{ I'd be honoured. If the announcement causes any unforeseen trouble, please bear in mind that you can confide in me, no matter what you need to do to resolve the situation. I'll understand if you need to put your kingdom first. So long as we don't let anything drive a wedge between us, I'll stay by your side one way or another. }}

{{ I understand. We are friends first, and nothing will erode what we already have. That is why I cannot countenance raising anyone above you in my esteem. }}

{{ Sveta... }}

Matthew returned to his body, then pressed a soft kiss to her lips. She pulled him in again when he leaned back, touched her nose to his, and watched the golden light fade from his eyes.

"We will soon have another way of joining our souls," Sveta mused. "I do not expect it will be as profound, but I hope it will be fun."

"Oh?" Matthew blushed. "I'll do my best."

"My fondest hope is that we will have a large family," Sveta admitted. "I wish to be surrounded by family again."

"Can Tyrell be the godfather?" Matthew paused, then bit his lip. "Wait, maybe not..."

"If anything happens to us, our children will require a suitable regent."

"We don't have to decide yet."

"This is one of the reasons I would prefer a large family. I would not want any child of mine to be left alone in their grief."

"I won't let anything happen to you." Matthew's arms tightened around her. "You'll live to see your grandchildren, and your great-grandchildren, if I have any say in the matter."

"So long as we do not trigger another apocalypse." She found it in her to laugh, somehow.

"Let's never trigger another apocalypse."

"Let's leave that out of our vows..."